

We have history by MattMarvel

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Summary: A few weeks after the gate is closed, all seems to be okay. Not for Steve though, suffering in silence he feels he has no one to turn to. The party grows concerned with his new behaviour, and grows more concerned when they see him talking to Hawkins no.1 outcast: Jesse Carter. His and Steve's deep connection make the group realise they don't know Steve at all. Set post-season 2.

1. Chapter 1

Disclaimer: I do not own Stranger Things, the only things I own are my OC's

WARNING!: This fanfiction is rated M. There will be mentions of things like abuse, self-harm and suicide in later chapters. If this triggers you I suggest you do not read. Also, there is a lot of swearing.

Author's Note: I have completely fallen in love with Stranger Things. There will be spoilers for season 1 and 2, and maybe some for 3 as well. So, if you haven't watched season 1 or 2, I recommend you finish them before reading. This is my first Stranger Things fanfic so please be kind.

Chapter One

The air is dense and soupy, damp settling in his lungs. Ashe clouds his vision and he can just about make out the walls of the tunnel. His breath clouds in the air as he runs, stumbling over the vines that litter the entire area.

Blood pounds in his ears, almost deafening to anyone else, but he can still hear it. From the rapid footsteps to the inhuman growls. Tears stream down his face as he screams, screams for anyone to just hear him. He seems to run for an eternity before he is sent careening to floor, feet having gotten tangled in the mass of tendrils on the floor.

The slimy, slick texture of the vines prevent him from clambering back to his feet. He hears a low growl from behind him as he desperately claws at the vines. A new stench overloads his senses, gone is the musty, earthy odour. Replaced with something far worse. Death. He rolls onto his back when he hears the creature coming toward him. Against the darkness of the tunnels he can make out its silhouette. The dog-like thing is low to ground, stalking carefully. It has yet to stop snarling. He watches with wide eyes as its head rises, opening up to reveal the all too familiar flower shape. Slime drips from its many teeth as the foul stench of death gets worse.

With a final snarl the creature leaps forward as he screams bloody murder. As pain radiates over his body and he feels himself slip, he can hear a number of things.

His father calling him a disappointment,

Billy Hargrove's mocking laugh.

Nancy slurring that he's bullshit.

Steve sits up, ramrod straight. His hands fly to his mouth, stifling a scream. Not that it matters, it's only ever him in the house anymore. He's drenched in sweat, so much so that his hair is plastered to his forehead and his t-shirt is stuck to him. Sheets are tangled in a sloppy mess around his feet. His breaths is coming out in rushed pants and he can feel himself trembling as panicked eyes scan the room. The image of the Demodog still burning fresh in his mind. There's no light behind the curtain as Steve pushes himself onto shaky legs. A red blinking light screams 4:00am at him but goes unnoticed as he shuffles to the bathroom.

The light hums to life as it stings his eyes. Steve looks at himself in the mirror, and god he looks like shit. Deep purple bags reside under his eyes, which are bloodshot themselves. Beads of sweat decorate his forehead, glistening under the bathroom light. Evidence of his fight with Billy had since faded, but a small scar still rested on his hairline. He was also pale and clammy. He screwed his eyes shut, willing the remnants of his nightmare to leave.

The nightmares had been commonplace since that Eleven chick closed the gate. They had started off once or twice a week, but now nearly three weeks later, he was having them nearly every night. Always involving demodog's, the tunnels or one of the damn kids that had wormed their way into his life.

Apparently him saving their lives, twice, meant that they were all friends. So that was how he found himself giving them rides places and babysitting them for when they played their nerd game. He knew that most of them, especially Dustin, adored him and called him their friend. But, the feeling wasn't mutual for Steve. While the company was nice after being dumped and dethroned, he wouldn't call them

friends. After all the only time he was really included was when he was driving them somewhere.

Then there was Jonathan, who was a rubix cube of angst and solitude. Trying to figure out Jonathan had made Steve's head hurt, but he had still tried. Sure, he had apologised for everything and tried to be his friend, but an unnerving awkwardness always fell between them.

Nancy on the other hand left Steve with conflicting emotions. While his heart ached every time he saw her, a newfound bitterness made itself known. While he had been an asshole, she was no different. He knew that a part of him would always love her, but he wasn't even sure he could call her a friend anymore. It just confused him.

It felt like he had no one, his parents were never around enough to care. All his 'friends' had been assholes and now he was practically shunned by the whole of Hawkins high.

Sunlight begins to peek out from behind his curtains as the sound of his alarm fills the room, dragging him out of his thoughts. Once dressed, Steve glared at himself in the mirror. His hair was limp and lacking the life it usually had. On any other day he would spend an hour, at least, fixing it, but he really couldn't handle being Steve 'the hair' Harrington today. Finally in the kitchen, Steve pushed the eggs he'd cooked himself around on his plate, becoming less appealing by the second. He dropped his fork on the plate with a loud clatter, disturbing the silence that was always present in the house.

Deciding that like sleep, breakfast was another failed endeavour, Steve stifled a yawn as he dumped his plate in the sink. Adding to the pile that was slowly building up, the same excuse of it'll be done soon followed.

Despite having been awake since four, Steve was one of the last ones to pull into the Hawkins high parking lot. He sparked up a cigarette as he leaned against his car, he knew it was a bad habit, but it helps take the edge. He glanced around the students dotted amongst the ocean of cars, looking for the one he wanted. Hargrove was leaning against his Camaro; ear being talked off by Tommy H., His gaze then shifted to Jonathan and Nancy who were stood chatting by his car.

Once Nancy caught sight of him, she smiled and motioned for him to come over. He noticed the hurt and confused look cross her face when he ignored her. He only needed to see one person right now.

The sound of a car pulling up made him perk up. He spotted the familiar Ford station wagon swing into a space not far from his. The guy that clambered out the wagon was Steve's age, cocoa coloured hair styled similarly to Steve's regular style. He had an impressive athletic build and was around five foot ten. A flannel jacket hung baggily over his torso, acid wash jeans and beat up converse completing his look.

Noticing Steve, the other male made his way over.

"You look like shit."

"Gee, nice to see you too."

Concern etched across the guy's face. "You sure you okay?"

"Can I talk to you?" Steve looked at him with pleading eyes.

The guy nodded before gripping Steve's wrist. Dragging Steve towards the school building, they both ignored the confused and almost horrified expressions that were sent their way. Including those of Nancy Wheeler and Jonathan Byers. Who all had the same question on their mind.

Why the fuck was Steve Harrington talking to Jesse Carter?

2. Chapter 2

Disclaimer: I do not own Stranger Things, only my OC's

WARNING!: There is use of some homophobic language in this chapter. Read at your own risk.

A/N: Sorry for this short chapter.

Chapter Two

Heaving out a sigh, Jesse watched the mass of students shift from their seats. Loud yells and absent-minded chatter drowning out the shrill ringing of the school bell. Shuffling out into the hall, he gripped his backpack straps tighter. Filtering into the ocean of students, the throbbing in Jesse's head increased.

All he wanted to do was get away, he sure as shit didn't want to go home anytime soon. As he mulled over his after school options, his train of thought turned to Steve. The talk they had this morning had rattled Jesse and he was perplexed as how to help. With the things Steve had seen he wasn't sure that a professional shrink could even helped.

When Steve had shown up on his doorstep last December with a bloodied face and ranting about monsters, Jesse could've called him a lunatic and sent him packing. But he didn't, seeing the absolute terror within Steve had made it clear to him that it's wasn't a lie or some joke.

So when Steve has come to him three weeks ago, telling him of more monsters, alternate dimensions and a super powered kid. Jesse had believed him again, especially after Jesse himself had seen one of those lizard dogs digging around his trash cans. But now it seemed, that Steve's problems were closer to home. Jesse could see that Steve was suffering but he never knew how much until Steve had told him earlier. Jesse himself was no stranger to nightmares or lack of sleep, albeit for different reasons.

He felt himself scowl when he thought of Steve's 'friends'. Jesse had

heard like the rest of Hawkins high that he had befriended a group of middle-schoolers after his split from Nancy. At first Jesse had thought it was nice that Steve had made some new friends, even though they were years younger than them both. But hearing Steve earlier had Jesse positively raging. After knowing Steve for as long as he had, he did not deserve to be used like that.

Opening his locker, Jesse stuffed some books into his bag as he continued to think about Steve's predicament. He was violently ripped out of his thoughts when he was sent flying into the lockers with a metallic thud. There were choruses of laughter as a voice rang out.

"Well, well, well; what do we have here?"

Rubbing his shoulder, which had taken the brunt of the impact, Jesse stared at his assaulter.

There in all his mullet-ed glory was Billy Hargrove. He was flanked by the freckled freak that was Tommy H. and a group of girls. Not wanting a fight, Jesse cast his gaze downwards. He was caught off guard when a large hand gripped his sore shoulder in a vice like grip.

Billy's voice appeared in Jesse's ear, "Word around here is that you're one of them filthy fudge-packers, is it true you like it up the ass Carter?"

Jesse went stiff as a board. He got enough abuse from the students already, he didn't need more from the new guy. Shrugging the hand away, Jesse finally met Billy's glare.

"Just leave me alone, Hargrove. I don't want any trouble."

An animalistic growl erupted from Billy, who in one swift motion pinned Jesse to the lockers. A muscular forearm was crushing painfully against his chest as Billy leaned in close.

"Listen here freak, I'm the king of this school now and if there's one thing I know, I'm not gonna tolerate a fucking queer prancing around my kingdom. So watch your back."

Pushing Jesse in the lockers for a final time, Billy snarled as he

stalked away. Posse trailing diligently behind. Sinking to the floor, Jesse held his head in hands as he tried to regain his composure. His shoulder was throbbing from where it had hit the lockers and Billy's grip, while his headache had come back with a vengeance.

Stuffing the last of his belongings into his bag he made a break for the exit. Dashing across the lot, He mustered enough willpower to ignore the stares and hushed comments that were directed at him. Jesse's car was a beat up 1973 Ford Country Squire wagon that his parents had bought when he was a kid. Rust was forming around the wheel arches and the vibrant blue paint had begun to fade.

Climbing behind the wheel, a relieved sigh was released. Jesse was ready to get away from school and the assholes that attended. He flipped the keys in the ignition, to which the car rumbled to life for a moment before it cut out. After the fourth attempt, Jesse had to admit the piece of junk had broken down.

"C'mon, seriously!"

He smacked his head against the steering wheel with a long groan. He stayed that way until a knock on the window made him yelp. Looking up, Jesse was met with Steve smiling down at him.

"Need a ride?"

**So sorry for not updating in a while, I've been busy with work.
Hope y'all enjoyed.**

3. Chapter 3

Disclaimer: I do not own Stranger things, only my OC's.

Chapter 3

He smacked his head against the steering wheel with a long groan. He stayed that way until a knock on the window made him yelp. Looking up, Jesse was met with Steve smiling down at him.

"Need a ride?"

Kicking the door open, Jesse glared at the car. The sky had turned a dull grey, as the wind picked up. Typical November weather for Hawkins. A shiver coursed through Jesse as the wind bit at him. Steve seemed to be in a similar situation when they shared a look.

"So, that ride still available?"

"Of course, as long as you don't mind sharing with the dickheads."

Jesse sighed, "I suppose I can. Look Steve-"

"I know what you're going to say and don't worry, I can deal with them."

Not believing him, Jesse nodded, nevertheless. He locked up his car, certain it would be fairly safe here until he could call a mechanic.

Steve's Beemer was a pleasantly warm when Jesse plonked himself into the passenger seat. Despite living in Hawkins for all of his life, he still couldn't get used to the brutal winter weather. Leaning out the window he watched as Steve paced about, flipping his lighter on and off. Exhaling deeply through his nose, Jesse toyed with a strand of his hair absentmindedly. He listened to the sound of leaves rustling under the wind, finding it an oddly soothing sound. The longer he listened, the noises of cars and screaming teens became quieter.

His brief moment of serenity was ruined when he heard someone screaming Steve's name. Barrelling towards them were a group of middle schoolers, each sporting a different look. Leading the pack

was a kid with a mop of curls under a cap, and going off of Steve's descriptions, that was Dustin. So that meant the redhead was Max and Mike was the kid with the black shaggy bowl cut. Lucas being the only remaining kid.

Jesse cast his gaze beyond them, spotting the younger Byers kid shuffling to his brothers car. He felt sorry for that kid, he'd been through hell and then thrust under the magnifying glass of the Hawkins population.

"Steve, we thought we'd missed you, any chance-

Confusion washed over Dustin's face as he laid eyes on Jesse.

"Who's that?"

Steve gestured to Jesse, "This is Jesse, he's my best friend."

The kids looked amongst themselves. All sharing a bewildered look.

"I thought you didn't have a best friend."

Despite the sting of the comment, Jesse smirked when Max slugged Lucas in the arm.

A tired sigh escaped Steve, "Well you never asked."

Sparing a glance at them, Jesse was met with two distrustful looks from Max and Lucas, and two glares of contempt from Dustin and Mike. Jesse squirmed in his seat, wishing that the fact four middle schoolers judging him wasn't bothering him so much.

Sensing his discomfort, Steve broke the silence, "So what did you guys want anyway?"

"Can you drive us home?"

Dustin's voice held an air of confidence that didn't sit well with Jesse. He could tell that Dustin had come over here knowing full well that Steve was going to cave and drive them all. Jesse turned away when he felt himself scowl; they were basically exploiting Steve's need to please people. Something Jesse was all too familiar with. He didn't

hear the response, but next thing he knew the kids were piling into the backseat.

A few minutes into their journey, Jesse and Steve were sat in relative companionable silence. Behind them, the kids were ranting about something he couldn't bring himself to care about.

Turning to his friend, Jesse frowned at what he saw. Steve's demeanour was plagued by sadness. Vibrant eyes that Jesse had seen full of life too many times to count, were dull and almost lifeless. Jesse prepared to comfort him.

"Hey, so how long have you guys been friends?" Dustin's curious voice rang out from the back.

Well that threw a spanner into Jesse's works. Steve and him shared a look, smiling goofily at each other as they always did.

"We met on our first day of Kindergarten."

This time Max piped up, "You've been friends since Kindergarten?"

"Yep", Steve popped the P with a grin, "And now we've been stuck with each other ever since."

Jesse snorted, him and Steve were practically brothers by all accounts. When he was a kid, the Harrington's used to introduce him as their other son at the lavish dinner parties they used to hold. He didn't object as it gave him the familial feeling he'd been craving for so long. But then both the Harrington parents had become busy with work and began spending less time in Hawkins.

Max continued; "So how come you didn't tell us about him, Steve?"

Jesse watched Steve cringe, "Well, I guess it never really came up in conversation, and you were probably going to meet eventually anyway."

Silence fell for a beat.

"So, Steve my man, do you wanna come to the arcade with after school tomorrow?", Dustin's voice still held that cockiness.

"I don't know, I kinda wanted to spend the night in."

This time Lucas called from the back; "C'mon Steve, you love hanging out with us."

Jesse observed Steve silently, he could tell Steve was conflicted over this. He knew he was having a conversation in his head, going off the way Steve's eyes were darting side to side.

From Steve had told him, Jesse knew that if Steve did go he'd spend the night either watching the kids from afar or sat in his car by himself. He could hear the kids still trying to convince Steve. Telling him that he'd have a great time and they'd make it up to him at some point.

Jesse felt anger bubble inside him, Steve didn't deserve this. He didn't need to have a bunch of kids dictate his life for him or be at their beck and call. The car slowed to a stop, Steve drumming his fingers on the wheel waiting for the car in front to pull off. The kids continued to list their reasons of why Steve should drive them tomorrow, all talking over each other.

"No, you only want him around to be your personal fucking chauffeur!"

Jesse couldn't help himself, the comment snapped out involuntary. The result being a hush settling in the car. Daring to look, he found Steve staring at him, mouth agape and eyes wide as dinnerplates. No one spoke as he turned back to the road and pulled off again.

The rest of the journey was spent in a tense silence. Soft melodies of the radio and the engines hum were the only sounds made. The kids were dropped off one by one, Max first, who gave Steve a small wave and refused to meet Jesse's eyes. Next was Lucas, who stepped out the car staring him down with a distrustful gaze. Mike left with a scoff and a glare, leaving Dustin, who left the BMW with a quit mention of calling Steve later and a scowl directed at Jesse.

Steve pulled back onto the road with a sigh.

"I'm sorry okay? I shouldn't have done that." Jesse found his voice

quiet, almost a whisper.

"I said I could deal with them."

"I know, but the things you told me and the shit they were saying just made me mad."

By now Steve was sparing a few glances at Jesse.

"I just want you to be happy Steve, I don't want to see you hurt. Again."

"Thanks Jess, I get it, but I can deal with them."

"Sure Steve."

"You know, I'm sure if you spent some time with them your opinion might change."

"I don't know, I don't think they like me that much now."

Steve grinned, "I'll talk to them, they'll come around. They're gonna love you."

"I'll think about it."

The car rolled to a stop again, the street was a tree lined avenue. Practically a postcard for suburbia, white picket fences and station wagons dominated the street. It was a somewhat wealthy neighbourhood, a few blocks from Steve's own house in fact.

Jesse turned to face his own house. It was a fairly large house, in the Craftsman style. It spanned two stories; a large dormer protruded from the roof. Though unlike other homes on the street, his house had seen better days. The front lawn looked as though it hadn't been mowed in a long time. The flower beds lining the front path had lost all their vibrancy and were on the verge of death. Paint was chipped and peeling from the dull front door and shutters. A cracked, inclined driveway led up to the garage, sitting adjacent to the house. All in all, there was no homey feeling to the property, it felt cold and unwelcoming. Even to Jesse, and he lived there.

Steve gestured to the sleek Mercury sedan parked in the driveway; "Your dad home then?"

"Must be." Jesse paled when he laid eyes on the vehicle.

"You going to be okay?" Steve's nervous gaze ran over Jesse's paling form.

"I'll manage, need to call a mechanic for my piece of crap car anyway."

Steve chuckled dryly. A hint of concern veiled his eyes, he knew Jesse's homelife wasn't perfect. Hell, he was pretty sure most of the town knew. Jesse flashed a reassuring smile at him as he stepped out the car. Pushing the door shut with a click, he waited as Steve rolled the window down.

"Thanks Steve, see you tomorrow?"

Steve flashed his signature grin, "It's a date Carter."

Jesse rolled his eyes as he turned away, stepping through the rickety gate to his house.

Waiting in the car, Steve watched as Jesse shuffled up to the front door. The door swung open and Jesse was ushered inside by an unseen figure. No sooner as the door had shut, the shouting started. So loud that Steve could hear it from the street. He winced when he was able to make out a few words, it was so angry and full of hate.

Sighing in defeat, knowing getting involved would not help anyone, Steve shifted the car into gear and pulled away. Oblivious to what was really happening in the house.

4. Chapter 4

Disclaimer: I do not own Stranger Things.

Warning: Some mild violence is hinted at, but that is all.

A/N: Apologies to any Nancy fans.

Chapter 4

Sighing in defeat, knowing getting involved would not help anyone, Steve shifted the car into gear and pulled away. Oblivious to what was really happening in the house.

Friday morning found Steve sat in the high school parking lot, still shaking off the remains of a nightmare. It was currently quite quiet, with only a few cars scattered about. Jesse's car must have been fixed at some point last night as it had been absent when Steve pulled up.

The sight of the familiar blue station wagon spluttering to a stop nearby made Steve perk up. Walking over, he felt himself grin. He was quite proud of himself really, he'd spent most of last night convincing Dustin and the others to give Jesse another chance. After nearly an hour, Dustin had relented and said he'd talk to the others.

As he got closer, he watched as Jesse stepped out. His appearance made Steve's smile drop. Jesse's hair looked limp and lifeless; a mess compared to its normal style. Under his eyes, deep purple bags were present. He had also made no effort in what he was wearing. A pair of distressed jeans and a flannel shirt, at least four sizes too big for him.

"Hey Jesse."

"Hi." His voice was quiet and distant. Steve had known him long enough to know that when Jesse was like this, something was bothering him.

"So, I spoke to the shitheads, well Dustin mainly, and they're willing to give you a chance."

Jesse offered a small smile, "Oh cool."

Steve was worried now. From the sad mannerisms to the clearly forced smile, something was seriously up with Jesse. Though worry melded into panic when Jesse reached into the car for his bag. Time seemed to slow as Steve watched his friends sleeve shift upwards, what was beneath made him almost sick to his stomach.

There, covering his forearm were a collage of sickly blues and purples. Bruises. Steve could clearly make out the shape of four fingers and a palm, someone had grabbed Jesse and gripped him hard. He could see another set of bruises, littering his opposite arm.

Jesse hadn't seemed to notice him staring at the contusions. Turning to face him again, Jesse's face became quickly puzzled when he took in Steve's panicked expression.

"What's up?"

"What are those?"

Jesse froze, "What are you talking about Steve?"

"Your arms dammit?"

Honey coloured eyes widened as nervous fingers played with the cuff of his shirt, pulling it down as fast as possible. Jesse quickly cast his gaze downwards not meeting Steve's.

Steve sighed, "Come on Jess, you can talk to me, what happened? Who did this?"

"It's nothing."

"It's clearly something, was it your dad?"

Jesse growled, "Just leave it Steve!"

He winced when Jesse turned away from him. They stood in a terse hush for a while. By now, more cars and students had arrived. Making the general atmosphere louder and more chaotic. Deciding that it was not the time to push anymore, Steve backed off. The last thing he wanted to do was add more to the gossip of Hawkins High.

With a shaky breath, Jesse turned back around, "Look, if you leave me alone about this, I'll shut up about the kids, deal?"

Steve didn't like this one bit, but relented, "Fine."

The roar of an engine had them both looking to the parking lot entrance. Billy's blue noise box came roaring into view. Both groaned, not wanting to deal with the mass of teen rage that was Billy Hargrove.

"I'll see you later."

With that, Jesse turned on his heel and made his way towards the school building. Steve couldn't blame him for practically fleeing, out of all of Hawkins High, Jesse was the one who incurred Billy's wrath the most.

Wanting to avoid Billy as well, Steve prepared to head inside. But an all too familiar called out to him.

"Steve, wait up!"

Of all the people, of all the people in this school. It had to be *her*. Spinning around he was met with the sight of the one and only Nancy Wheeler dashing towards him.

"Hi, Nance."

"I haven't spoken to you in ages, how've you been?"

Steve internally cringed, he felt his heart pang. A part of him was always going to love that girl, but it was all just bullshit. Still he flashed his usual cocky grin and acted as though everything was fine.

"Oh, you know, nothing much."

Nancy hummed, not really believing him. But thankfully didn't push.

She crossed her arms in a very matter of fact way. Jesus, Steve did not want to deal with one of her infamous lectures this early in the morning.

"So why were you speaking to Jesse Carter? I mean talking to him is practically asking to get yourself bullied."

Steve gawped; he'd told her many times about Jesse. She'd even seen the pictures of them together in his house.

"He's my best friend Nance, you know this."

"Oh right, but you've never hung out together in school before."

Both Jonathans and Steve's eyes widened.

"So, why does that matter?"

"Well, I'm just worried about you Steve, I haven't heard from you in ages and the only bit of news I do get is from my brother, who tells me that you're hanging with someone we know nothing about."

Steve pinched the bridge of his nose, "So, I don't have to tell you everything Nancy, it's my own life."

"Jeez, I don't know why you're getting worked up."

"I'm worked up because you're making assumptions about my best friend, who you know nothing about."

Nancy scoffed, "I'm just trying to look out for you, I don't want him to end up hurting you or something."

"Why do you even care? It's all just bullshit isn't it?"

Steve immediately regretted that comment when he saw the hurt flash across Nancy's face. She didn't really deserve that, but Steve was tired of everyone making assumptions about Jesse. Nancy didn't know what she was talking about, Jesse wouldn't hurt a fly. Well maybe a spider but that was about it.

Steve flashed an apologetic glance at her.

"See you round Nance."